HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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TEMPERANCE.

From Ireland.

Ireland has become the great sun of the Teetotal world. We look there for light, and we get it. We have just received, from some of our glorious friends there, the following beautiful illustration of drunkenness—written by one of their distinguished physicians, a Fellow of the Medical College, Dublin. The author is James Henry, M. D., and the printer is Richard D. Webb, and it is printed as beautifully as it is written. We wish our friends could see how anti-slavery Teetotal abstinence does up things in Dublin,—But we cannot print the typography or *the superb* paper.

We cannot curtail "The Drunken Sea."—Our readers will want to make the *whole* voyage of reading it at a trip. And let us see to it that New Englanders leave off, *totally*, all navigation of that sea—remembering that death and hell are its only ports, and that fair weather on it is nothing but storm and tempest and wreck in disguise.

An account of the Drunken Sea.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea from the beach of Soberland, where you take shipping, as far as Point Just-Enough. The clear and smooth water is scarcely so much as rippled by the light breeze which wafts from the shore the fragrance of a thousand flowers. No mist ever broods upon the water, no cloud overcasts *the* soft blue sky. The glorious image of the sun by day, the silvery face of the moon by night, are no where seen to so much advantage as in the mirror of Pleasant Bay, for so this part of the Drunken Sea has been most appropriately named. The current being always towards Point Just-Enough, and the wind, if you can apply that name to the gentle breath which no more than fills our sails, always in the same direction, the passage is so smooth and easy that it not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himslf close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of porter hogsheads, or wine pipes, or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing boats these vessels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage every where, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers than those wich are used by the poor. Besides the fares there are certain tolls payable by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the imperial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the expense which is thus necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessaries. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessaries for the rich man's voyage as well as their own.

The voyage to Point Just-Enough becomes more and more agreeable the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more delicious, and even the sombre objects of Soberland, now somewhat in the distance, seem to acquire a certain mellowness and splendor from the new medium through which they are seen. In the meantime a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; they experience an agreeable sensation of warmth, commencing at the stomach and gradually extending from thence over the whole body; their pulse beats quicker and stronger; their breath acquires an agreeable odor, not unlike that of the sea on which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; their cheeks flush a little; their hands are sensibly warmer to the touch; their looks and gestures become animated; they feel increased strength and courage and readiness for action; their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will; they become less careful and anxious,

Diffugiunt mordaces sollicitudines;

less precise and particular; regard themselves with more complacence, their neighbors with more charity; gentlemen become less solicitous about the seat of their cravats; ladies, of their caps and collars: all become less serious; less disposed to deliberate; less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty; less scrupulous about right and wrong; less tight laced; not so very sober; more gay, good-humored, frolicsome, frivolous; more inclined to singing, jesting, and light conversation; more voluble, energetic; more ready to tell secrets, either of their own or their neighbors; more inclined to quarrel suddenly.

All voyagers to Point Just-Enough agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself; some say that it its further off, others that it is nearer; some that it lies more to the north, others more to the east; many assert that it recedes as you approach it, while some maintain that it moves forward, and comes to meet you before you have more than half crossed Pleasant Bay. These conflicting statements may, perhaps, be reconciled on the supposition, which seems far from unreasonable, that Point Just-Enough is situated in a floating island, which, shifting its position from time to time, is sometimes nearer, sometimes more distant; sometimes a little more to the north, at other times a little more to the east. However this may be, the visitors to Point Just-Enough all agree in stating that it is quite impossible either to come to anchor off it, or to effect a landing upon it; the water being so deep that no anchor will take the ground, and the current so rapid as to carry you past the Point before you can secure a boat to it by any grapples which have yet been invented. For these reasons all skilful sailors, the moment they arrive at Point Just-Enough, instead of vainly attempting to come to anchor or to land, tack about and steer back again across Pleasant Bay for Soberland, thus avoiding the danger of being carried by the force of the current further on into the Drunken Sea, and perhaps thrown upon an island called Tipsy Island, lying at no great distance to the leeward.

The great unwillingness with which all the visitors to Point Just-Enough allow the sailors to tack about and steer homewards, has given rise to an opinion that if a landing upon the Point were practicable every visitor would settle there permanently, and bid an eternal farewell to Soberland.

The voyage homewards from Point Just-Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outwards; the air gradually loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colors; the current and wind, too, although gentle, yet being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience as they return some diuretic effect, as well as a slight degree of thirst, the latter of which continues after landing, and even until bed-time, unless removed by tea or coffee. The night's sleep is less soft and refreshing, but at the same time heavier than if no visit had been paid to the Point in the day; and on awaking the next morning, a degree of languor is experienced, and sometimes even a little throbbing at the temples, which symptoms, however, disappear either during the making of the toilette or soon after breakfast, and are succeeded by a strong desire for another voyage to Point Just-Enough. This desire being gratified with as little delay as possible, the same sensations are experienced, and the same consequences ensue, and thus a habit is formed which increases in strength, until at last a daily visit to Point Just-Enough comes to be considered almost as a necessary of life.

Pleasant Bay is therefore covered from early morning until a late hour at night with boats conveying passengers of all ranks and discriptions to Point Just-Enough and back again. The intercourse is however by far the greatest from dinner hour until tea time, the evening being generally considered the most fashionable as well as the most convenient and agreeable time for the voyage. Some dine before they set out, but the greater number take their dinner on board. Among the visitors to Point Just-Enough there are a few who go very irregularly and at long intervals, others who go only every second or third day, and some only on the Sabbath day; but the great majority, unless prevented by illness, go every day of the year at the same hour, and never allow either business or pleasure, or even bankruptcy or insolvency, or trouble or the death of friends or relatives, to interrupt the regularity of their daily sail across Pleasant Bay. Kings and queens, lords and ladies, knights and members of imperial legislatures, professors of all arts and sciences, merchants, traders, artisans, and even those who subsist upon charity, are to be found among the daily visitors to Point Just-Enough; the christian, the Jew and the pagan; the white, the black and the olive;—the democrat, leveller and aristocrat; the busy as well as the idle, the wise as well as the foolish, the learned as well as the ignorant, the grave as well as the gay, the young as well as the old. Parents bring their children with them, and teach them to navigate the Drunken Sea, as birds teach their young to fly. Employers bring their workmen, and masters their servants; the latter however require but little teaching, having generally had the advantage of an early apprenticeship to the art.

It is worthy of remark, that of the countless multitudes who daily sail upon Pleasant Bay, there is not one who can be persuaded that it forms a part of the Drunken Sea. It is also remarkable, that every one of those who make a daily practice of sailing upon this bay, acquires an invincible dread of water, and cannot be prevailed upon to drink it unless when sick.

It has been observed besides, that with the exception of man, all animals have an antipathy to the Drunken Sea, and cannot without great difficulty, be persuaded to navigate even that part of it called Pleasant Bay. From this fact some naturalists have deduced a distinctive character of man, and instead of describing him as an animal, erect, biped, rational, with teeth intermediate between graminivorous and carnivorous, define him simply, an animal which sails upon the Drunken Sea.

The longitude and latitude of Point Just-Enough never having been exactly ascertained, either from its being situated, as already mentioned, in a floating island, or whatever other cause, geographers have found it very difficult to assign the precise limits of Pleasant Bay. It is, perhaps, to get rid of this difficulty, that some geographers describe Pleasant Bay as extending the whole way from Soberland to Tipsy Island. But whether it be or be not geographically correct to apply the name of Pleasant Bay to that part of the Drunken Sea which lies between Point Just-Enough and Tipsy Island, it is quite certain that there is no part of this sea where the sky is so bright, the air so fresh and exhilarating, or the motion of the water so lively and buoyant as it is here. It happens, therefore, as might be expected, that many of those who leave Soberland, with the intention of going no farther than Point Just-Enough, do yet, when they arrive at that point, extend their voyage to Tipsy Island, tempted by the increasing beauty of the scene, the favoring wind and current, and the easy landing which the shore of the island presents at no great distance. Besides those who thus voluntarily extend their voyage from Point Just-Enough to Tipsy Island, there are others who, over-shooting the Point either through ignorance or inadvertence, miss stays in their attempt to tack, and are carried to the island by the force of the wind and current.

As it generally happens that those who have once visited Tipsy Island in either of the ways just mentioned, soon returned to it again, direct from Soberland, and repeat their visits with great regularity during the remainder of their lives, Tipsy Island is always full of visitors. The sensations experienced on this island differ only in degree from those which are felt at Point Just-Enough. The pulse and heart beat a little quicker and stronger, the eyes become brighter, the skin hotter, the face more flushed, the voice louder, the gestures more vehement, the conversation less connected, the ideas rambling and incoherent. Some dance, some sing, some swear, some fight, all stagger about; some become loyal, others patriotic, some poetical, others philosophical; all are veracious, disinterested, magnanimous, chivalrous. It is usual to remain several hours, and even to pass the night upon the island. A few remain upon it for several days together; but as it is considered discreditable to be seen upon it in the morning, those who regard appearances usually leave for Soberland some time before day-break; many fall asleep on the island, and are carried in that state to their boats. In the morning all awake unrefreshed, with a parched mouth, hot skin, red eyes, aching head, and no appetite for breakfast, and spend the day drinking soda water at the great fountain on the quay of Soberland, which looks towards Pleasant Bay, and longing for evening in order to return to Tipsy Island, or at least as far as Point Just-Enough.

Tipsy Island is said to have been first discovered by Noah, who planted vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple, situated about the middle of the island, is in a high state of preservation. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and most of the illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, the names of many of whom are to be seen, carved with their own hands, upon the bark of the vines; one of the most recent is that of Sir Walter Scott,* underneath which are some words of the song which the illustrious author of Waverley used to sing when he visited this island:—

Tarry woo', Tarry woo',
Tarry woo' is all to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin.

The author of Waverley was, however, only an occasional visitor to this island.—Its daily visitors sing a song which is somewhat different, and runs nearly as follows:—

The Sea, the Sea, the Drunken Sea;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled monster lies,
Or like a cradled monster lies,
I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;
I am where I would ever be,
With heaven above, and hell below,
And ruin whereso'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter, what matter, I should ride and sleep,
What matter, what matter, I should ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love! to ride, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, maddening tide;
When every wild wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;
And tells of Soberland far below,
And how on the Horrors the storm doth blow,
And how on the Horrors the storm doth blow.
I never was on the Sober shore,
But I loved the Drunk Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea.
The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour, in the noisy hour, when I was born;
The storm it whistled, the thunder rolled,
And the lightning seamed the skies with gold.
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child,
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a jovial life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never have sought or sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea.

All navy and regimental messes are held upon this island, and there is no part of the world where the point of honor is so strictly observed, or so many duels fought. It is here that White Bait and other ministerial dinners, election treats, Lord Mayors' feasts, and Sheriffs' breakfasts are given. Barristers always dine here when upon circuit, and medical consultations are sometimes held here. Great discussions on religion and politics take place here, and many of the most famous speeches of members of imperial legislatures have been composed, and not a few of them delivered in this place. There are several magnificent race-courses on the island, and gaming tables on new and improved principles. It is also the favorite resort of pirates and smugglers, robbers, burglars, and murderers, who have performed some of their most famous exploits upon it. As there is no church nor other place of religious worship on this island, none but the most abandoned are seen upon it during church hour on the Sabbath day; soon after church hour the boats begin to arrive, and continue arriving until a late hour on the Sabbath night.

It is impossible to mistake the habitual visitors of Tipsy Island, when you meet them any where in Soberland; their hands are tremulous; their eyes muddy; those parts of their face which should be white are red, and those parts which should be red, and particularly their lips, are blue and purple; they are consumed by an unquenchable internal heat and thirst; have little or no appetite for solid food; are infirm in their gait, either attenuated or bloated in their form, fretful, timid, irresolute of purpose, apprehensive of evil, and have no disposition for useful and active exertion, nor any taste for virtuous society or intellectual enjoyment. Ten thousand millions of money are annually expended in loss of time upon the Drunken Sea and Tipsy Island, paying the tolls and fares, manufacturing porter hogsheads, spirit puncheons, and wine pipes; and supporting workhouses, jails, penitentiaries, and penal settlements, police commissioners and policemen, stipendiary magistrates, dispensaries, hospitals, and lunatic asylums for the use of the visitors of Tipsy Island.

Over against Tipsy Island on the mainland, and about a league beyond Point Just-Enough, is the port of Paphos. Many of the boats touch here as they return from the island. Malaria is prevalent in this port. The hospital, which is a very large building, and always full of patients, is situated on a hill immediately above the port, and commands a fine view of the Drunken Sea.

Off Tipsy Island, on the side furthest from Paphos, are three sunken rocks called the Horrors. The visitors to Tipsy Island are frequently dashed on these rocks by an eddy or whirlpool which surrounds them, and sucks in every boat that comes within a certain distance. Dreadful as is the fate of those who perish at once by this accident, that of the survivor is worse; the strength of their muscles is gone; their stomach rejects its food; their memory and perception are impaired; they are careless and indifferent about their property, friends, and nearest relatives; they are haunted by vain terrors, and not unfrequently imagine that dead or absent persons are present and talking with them; imbecile alike in body and mind, they have no happiness but in Tipsy Island, which they never cease to visit, until sooner or later they are again drawn in by the whirlpool, and dashed to pieces upon the same rocks upon which they had so nearly perished before.

On the same side of Tipsy Island as the Horrors, but a little further out in the Drunken Sea, are the Liver Sands. These are the more dangerous, because the precise point where they begin or where they end has not been exactly ascertained. Many of the visitors to Tipsy Island, in the attempts to keep clear of the whirlpool and the Horrors, run aground upon the Liver Sands; all such become yellow in the skin, hard in the stomach, swelled in the legs, and die dropsical; effects not unlike those which are produced by twenty years residence in India.

It is remarkable that those who sail on the Drunken Sea in boats made of spirit puncheons, more frequently strike upon the Horrors, or run aground upon the Liver Sands than those who sail in wine pipes or porter hogsheads. The superior safety of the two last mentioned classes of vessels is, however, counterbalanced by their peculiar defects; porter hogsheads in particular not only dull the wits and bloat the bodies of those who sail much in them, but are besides so heavy and unpleasant sailers, and produce so much billiousness and sea sickness, that many persons say they would rather not sail at all upon the Drunken Sea than go in them; while, on the other hand, the wine pipes are infested by a venomous insect, from which no degree of care can keep them free. This insect, which closely resembles the common bug, is generated in the lees of the wine, and like the bug, hides itself in the crevices of the wood, from whence issuing out unobserved, it bites somewhere about the great toe. The pain and swelling which follow its bite are very considerable, extending to the foot, and even to the entire limb. Those who have been frequently bitten by it, have their legs swelled so as to resemble elephant's legs, are very irritable and choleric, and subject to fits of indigestion and apoplexy, which sometimes prove fatal in the course of a few hours. The antidote to the bite of this insect consists in drinking a large quantity of water, and never again sailing upon the Drunken Sea. It is, however, seldom used, as the bite of the insect has the property of communicating along with the poison an invincible repugnance to the antidote. For this reason few who have been bitten by this insect ever recover.

For some distance all round the Horrors, and on the Liver Sands, the sea is dark and rough, the winds loud and boisterous, and the sky overcast with clouds, which not unfrequently overshadow a great part of Tipsy Island. When you pass this island, and advance further into the Drunken Sea, the water becomes still darker and rougher, the winds still more loud and boisterous, and the clouds which overspread the sky more black and lowering. Continuing to proceed, you enter into a dense fog called Fatuous Fog, which reaches from the water quite to the clouds, and shuts in the view in every direction. Immediately on entering this fog, the compass ceases to point, and whirls round incessantly with a rotatory motion upon its axis. Navigation being thus rendered impossible, it rarely happens that a boat which has entered Fatuous Fog is ever seen again. The few travellers who have ever emerged from it having been found to be either insane or idiotic have been received into a lunatic asylum which stands upon a little point of land running into the sea, opposite to Paphos and Point Just-Enough. Beyond Fatuous Fog, and forming the extreme limit of the Drunken Sea, there is a range of very high and inaccessible mountains, called the Mountains of No-Hope. At the foot of these Mountains the sea beats with inconceivable fury, throwing up from time to time human bones and fragments of wrecked and foundered vessels.

The boatmen believe that somewhere under the Mountains of No-Hope there is an outlet through which the waters of the Drunken Sea disgorge themselves into the abyss of Hell.

*See Chambers' Journal, No. 406. Nov. 9th, 1836.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

From the Watchman and Observer.

It has been supposed by some, that one reason why the emancipated slaves, in the British West Indies, had behaved so well since they were set free, is because they were better informed than the slaves are in this country.

Read the following letter from Mr. Dresser, now a missionary in Jamaica:—

Having made repeated inquiries, I have not yet found an individual who could tell me his age. Before I commenced my school, there were scarcely any who knew the letters of the Alphabet. Many—in fact nearly all—could repeat them in rotation, but were like the lad, who when asked by his instuctress if he knew a certain letter, replied, "Yes ma'am," and when asked what it was, spoke up quiet promptly, "Oh! I know him by sight but I've forgotten his name." In the same manner quite a number could read the second chapter of Matthew very readily, and as well with the book bottom side up as any way.

Of course none could write their names. Indeed, I have found quite a number, who seem scarcely to know their names. This is especially true of the very aged. They have "nicknames," by which they are generally called, and this accounts for their ignorance of their real names. I have one scholar in school whom they call "*Puss*." Another is known by the name of "*Cockroach*." A third, a little boy about four years old, is called "*Old Man*." Another still younger, they call "*Doctor*." Another, a married man, or rather a *father*, is called "*Squaman*." One born on the first of August 1838, is called "*Governor*." Another yet younger, is called "*House-rent*,"—because his mother, soon after his birth, was obliged to take him on her back to the field, to pay rent, and for some time all her wages were exacted for that purpose.

It is seldom that the children bear the same name with their parents; and a married woman is as likely to take the *given name* of her husband, as the *surname*: for instance, I have one member of my congregation by the name of William Darkin. The name of his wife is "Mrs. Williams." James Kelly's wife is called Mrs. James. This is not uncommon.

To-day, I saw one of the people marking the coffee-bags belonging to the property, that is, making the letter H upon them. I asked him, if he knew what letter he was making.

"No, minister," was the reply.

"How then, do you know it is right?" said I.

"Busha, him make him so; me make him like Busha."

The imitation was quite good, and the letter well made.

Though the English language is what they pretend to speak, they talk so broken and so fast, as to make it almost impossible for me to understand them. Indeed, many of them I cannot understand at all: and even the most intelligent, who speak so as to be understood, do but "horridly murder the king's English."

My efforts to introduce *grammar* into the school were quite amusing though to them interesting in the extreme. *Me, you, him, dem*, was the list of personal pronouns. *Him*, answered for all genders and cases; the preposition *for* being used to denote possession. For example, "*Dis is for me boy*."

that is, This is my book. "*Dat is for him book*," means; That this is his book.

They used verbs only in the indicative mood, and present tense. Adverbs are used to express all ideas of time and manner. For example a lad has just called to me, "Minister, bring de mule come?"

Supposing him to ask if I wished the mule, I replied, "Yes, you may bring him to the door if you please."

"Bring him come a'ready, sir," is the reply.

They sound the letters *s* and *h* in words where they are not used, and omit them in words where they are. For example, *pail* they call *spail*, and mean by it a piggen. A *pan* they call a *span*, and mean by it a *pail*. *Star*, they pronounce *tar*, and *tar* they call *star*. A *tub*, they call *stub*, &c.

I have before said they were ignorant of their ages. I might have added, and of time or dates also. Speaking of any event, which happened long ago, they will tell you it was "fore free don't come," or, "free don't come yet," or, "time long 'fore free come." If an event took place since August 1, 1838, they will express the time by saying, "Free come a'ready."

They are as ignorant of the measures of distance as of time. On my first visit to the mountains, after traveling some distance from Brother Ingraham's residence, I inquired of my guide how far it was to a certain place to which we were going.

"Far enough, massa," was the reply.

After riding a short distance farther, I met a stranger of whom I made the same inquiry.

"Plenty far, massa, *plenty far*," said he.

Being *interested*, if not instructed, by the answers I received, after getting more than half way, I again inquired of another stranger, altering my phraseology and asking the *number of miles*.

"MILES? massa," he replied with astonishment, looking me full in the face. After I had made him understand me, he replied.

"OH! FAR? MASSA, FAR? Not so far again, massa."

On arriving within two or three miles of the place, I met another stranger, to whom I repeated the question, and received for a reply.

"No far at all, massa? Dere a'ready. Massa ride it in just fifteen minutes *no less*."

Of their knowledge of religious things I may perhaps speak hereafter; and will only add that their ignorance of every thing else is wisdom when compared with their ignorance of the way of salvation by simple faith in Jesus Christ. There are some glorious exceptions to what I have written, but the truth has been but faintly told as it respects the mass of those who have been slaves, at least, so far as my observation extends.—*Youth's Cabinet*.

From the New Lisbon Aurora.

A Sketch

Of the trial of Rev. Pro-slavery for treason before his honor Judge Scripture; assisted by judges Conscience and Reason.

It appeared in evidence that the defendant was regularly licensed to preach the gospel, and had preached in almost every town and city in the U. States; and further, that when he was licensed, he found himself to declare the whole counsel of God, and to explain all parts of the scripture as he should have opportunity, and to instruct his hearers in relation to their duty both to God and man. It further appeared from his commission, that he was bound to look upon the whole family of man as children of one common parent, and faithfully to labor for their spiritual welfare. It also appeared in testimony, that the defendant had affected to despise the inhabitants of one quarter of the globe, and had in many instances bought and sold the inhabitants of his own country; or when he was not able to do this, had endeavored to invent excuses for those who did, thus classing them with beasts and creeping things. That he had in many cases aided and assisted in making laws whereby one-sixth of the inhabitants of our country were forbidden to read the scriptures. And further—that he had at New-York, Alton, and other places, been instrumental in getting up mobs, by influencing the passions of the ignorant, until they imbrued their hands in his brother's blood.

The defendant then introduced his witness, which proved the following facts: That Noah said, cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. That Paul said, servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh. That Peter said, servants, be subject to your masters with all fear.

He also offered in justification of his conduct the following: Exodus xxi, 22: If an ox shall push a man-servant and maid-servant, he shall give unto their master thirty shekels of silver.

The counsel for the defendant here remarked that he had many more witnesses at hand, which would prove substantially the same things as had now been proved, but he thought what he had already proved amply sufficient for his purpose; he would not take up the time of the court in examining any more, and was willing to submit the case to the jury without argument. To this proposition, the counsel for the prosecution agreed.

The judge then gave a charge to the jury, who retired, and after an absence of five minutes, they returned a verdict of GUILTY.

Chief Justice Scripture then pronounced the following sentance:

PRO-SLAVERY: You have been arraigned before this court charged with treason against the government of heaven, and after a patient investigation of the case, an impartial jury have found you *guilty*. It now becomes my painful duty to pronounce the sentence of the law. The crime for which you have been arraigned is one of no common magnitude. In the situation in which you have been placed, you must have exerted a very considerable influence on the minds of those around you. The stand which you took, or rather should have taken, when you entered upon the high and holy duty of expounding the word of God to fallen man, should have led you to look above the world, the fear of man, and worldly applause; but, you basely 'bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery.' You bought and sold, or aided and assisted in buying and selling those who have decended from the same common parent with yourself. You have literally aided and assisted in making laws to prevent people from learning to read the scriptures. It matters not that you were in a situation where a majority of those who supported you approved your course; you should have remembered that though persons sometimes approve of treason, they invariably despise the traitor.

The sentence of the court is, that you be taken to the place from whence you came, and be there imprisoned until the first day of August, 1841; that on that day between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 2 o'clock, P. M., you be led out to some elevated place, and be there exposed to the public gaze for the space of three hours; that you then be 'turned loose'—but that you shall not be allowed to 'go away and hang yourself.'

Reported by L. B.

Trumbull county Ohio.

CONCORD: DECEMBER 4, 1840.

Anti-Slavery Jaunt to Strafford.

(CONTINUED.)

Rode after dinner, Wednesday, to Sanbornton Square. Called on the way at Richard Lane's door. Mrs. L. seemed an abolitionist. Her husband absent—they had received no intelligence of a meeting. Came to the sightly and commanding village on the hill at the Square. Superb, wide prospect. Rum tavern kept by *Mr. Lane*. It is the *lane*, that leads to the chambers of death—though a "*broad*" one, and numbers throng it. Had occasion to go into it. Many smoking their pipes in the bar-room.—One respectable looking, elderly gentleman *at one end* of a cegar. All smoking away,—and the air three quarters tobacco. Asked the landlord if any appointment had been given out Sunday before, of an anti-slavery meeting for that day—taking for granted if there had, *he would have heard it*,—the rum tavern being in some places on good terms with the meeting house. "None that he knew of." Brother Pillsbury had gone up to neighborhood of the academy to find a Mr. Webster, said to be an abolitionist. Resolved to go there—felt utterly desolate in the smoky rum tavern and the heartless pro-slavery Square—homesick to find an anti-slavery house. Went to Mr. Webster's—told Mrs. W. (husband not in) that she must, if convenient, receive us as travellers at their temperance tavern;—our request was readily granted. Sallied out with brother Pillsbury to see about a meeting. Met the Rev. Mr. Bodwell, Congregational minister, in company with a distinguished colonizationist, Dr. Webster of Hill. Rev. Mr. B. said he had received no notice of the meeting—ascertained of him there was to be a prayer meeting at the academy that evening. Proposed to him, if perfectly agreeable to him—to have our anti-slavery meeting instead, and at the academy, if he thought best, not otherwise—he having just remarked that if we had an anti-slavery meeting in the neighborhood, there would be probably few at the prayer meeting. We would by no means interfere—unless he thought it expedient, and we wished him to be present. He declined assenting to substitute our meeting for the other, but said if we had one there would be probably but a few present at the prayer meeting,—he was not opposed to us—he was not in favor of us—he stood neutral and he wished to be considered so—he did not wish to be considered as having been called on in relation to the meeting—could not say whether he would be present or not—told us Esq. Lane and Col. Sanborn and himself were the committee in charge of the academy—did not wish, himself, to give permission to use the academy for a meeting,—did not wish to refuse permission,—wished us to consult Esq. L. and Col. S. and did not wish to be considered as having been consulted at all in relation to the academy. We remarked to him that it did not seem to us he could possibly take a neutral position—but he must of course judge for himself. In the course of our talk Dr. Webster remarked that he objected to the abolitionists for their opposition to colonization—that he did not see as they need quarrel with that—or why both could not go on harmoniously together. Mr. Bodwell said he could not, and that he had no objection to abolition—if it did oppose colonization, and thought they might go on together. We told him if that were possible, he might for aught we could see, be an abolitionist, whether we liked colonizing the colored people or not. He need not oppose abolishing *slavery*, because we did colonizing the *free* colored people. It was bleak talking on the cold hill side, and we parted—Mr. B. to his snug parsonage, and we down to find Esq. Lane. We found him accidentally at the bar room of the tavern and asked him for the academy, telling him of the *nonentity* position of Reverend Mr. Bodwell—not assenting, or denying, or doing neither—neither doing any thing, *nor nothing at all*. Esq. L. said at once he had no objection—though he did not countenance the meeting. We were all slaves here, he said. We told him we were afraid so. He said he was opposed to using force against us—force had been used, but he never countenanced it,—that it only promoted our object,—the way was to keep away from us—the subject he thought ought not to be agitated here, *where we had no slaves*. We told him men differed as to the propriety of agitating it here, and that that was fair matter of discussion, and asked him if it were not. He admitted it was, and that we had the right to discuss it—but he should not come near us. We told him we should be glad to have him attend and if we were wrong, put us right. Bar room pretty full. Esq. Caleb Kimball among others—considerably *excited* by opposition to anti-slavery or some other cause—knew us, he said, and was a friend, but had no opinion of this nigger question,—we had no right to be stirring it about here, if any body wanted a black wife, they might have one, for all him. (A laugh.) He had as lief we should get pelted with rotten eggs as any way—though he did not approve of mobs. He was far from approving mobs—he would not be catched in one. The Constitution he thought guaranteed slavery to the States, and the north no business to interfere,—they had no business with it. We had no more right to take away their property, than they had to come and take away our cattle. The company gathered round us and we carried on the talk under a thick cloud of tobacco smoke, mixed with the breath of the bar. We did not deny Esq. Kimball's positions, but contended we and *he* had the right of discussion, and liberty of speech about any subject we pleased. We were one of the people, as much as he was, and had a right to our opinions, and meant to have just what opinions we pleased, and to speak our sentiments out, any where and every where and at all times, and for all any body, and every body else had the same right, and we did not believe there was a man in the room would deny it. We were going to have a meeting if we could get a place, and should be glad to have every friend present attend it, and speak their minds, freely, and we did not believe but what if they could hear us they would say every man that we were in the right. We said slavery was an abominable thing—it was in the country and we had a right to talk against it, and we meant to, and had got to,—and if we did not, and run it down, it would run us down, and eat us out of house and home, and had nearly done it already,—that it had made *us nearly all slaves here*, as Esq. Lane had just said—that it had got us so low, that we did not dare to speak about it, or allow our neighbors to,—that Esq. Kimball had just said he thought we ought to be pelted with rotten eggs, if we did not keep still about it. The Esq. said he was no friend to mobs. Yes but, said we, you said you had as lief we should be pelted with rotten eggs as not, if we stirred this slavery question here,—and if we did, you would have to mob us. Slavery would demand it of you, said we, and you would have to. The Esq. said his father was one that helped adopt the Constitution, and he remembered all about it and about slavery,—it was in the Constitution he said. We contended the Constitution was a free one, and that it was always called a free one and a glorious free one, and the like, and so we went on discussing and the very rum drinkers and tobacco eaters and smokers heard us with a patience that the Rev. Mr. Bodwell could not, in his meeting house,—reminding us, as we thought of it, of the Saviour's comparison of the publicans and harlots with the clergy of Jerusalem.

We could convince the tavern haunters, by the way, if the "property and standing" would only allow us a chance. We could make abolitionists of them much easier than of the *better classes*, civil, military, or ecclesiastical. They would hear us if we went to them first. But we go to the meeting house, and to prevent our having that or being heard if we get it, the respectability and *religion* stir up the poor drunkards against us to mob us. We had better go right to the bar rooms and the haunts of the drunkard and the loafer. They will hear us, and if they are sober enough to stand, they can *under*stand us and see we are right. The Saviour knew what was in man, and he went among the publicans and sinners, and passed the respectability by, as hopeless. It was easier for a camel, he said, to go through a needle's eye, than for one of them to enter the kingdom of heaven. The bar room is nearer to it now, we believe, oftentimes than the pulpit. In the bar room you will find at least poor, fallen human nature,—ashamed of its degradation and harassed with a sense of guilt, and ready to hear, if a sympathetic word is honestly spoken. The meeting house thanks God, it is not like the tavern. The minister and the Squire and the Trader and the Captain, and the Tavern-keeper and the Office-holder and the Candidate—they don't want this agitation, this excitement. It breaks up parishes and destroys "power and influence" divides churches—breaks up good order and breaks down wholesome distinctions—it does away trainings and hurts business, and breaks the *integrity* of party, and puts down all law and government, injures regular taverns, and finally endangers the Union, and so forth and so forth. We have more hope of the unhappy drunkard than of many of these.

A tall substantial looking farmer came in and listened awhile to our discussion. We were talking of slavery's effect on the north. He said emphatically, that "it was as bad to enslave black people as white, and that if you enslave any body it enslaves every body else, and if you allow slavery in the country, you can't keep liberty." Noble truths, and gloriously said, and from a noble quarter. Give us the blue frocked farmers to talk anti-slavery. On the whole we had a *grand meeting*, and wish we had held it there in the evening. We should have had an attentive auditory, and we don't believe Mr. Lane would have sold a drop the whole evening. As it was, our meeting was the only one we could get at Sanbornton Square.

We went out with brother Pillsbury, after getting leave to have the academy, and called at every house, and notified the people of our meeting, and brother Foster went in his sulkey out of the neighborhood. The hour arrived. We resorted to the Literary Institution. It was a steepled edifice,—meeting house and town house—(Church and State)—hard by, all in a row—all steepled and painted as white as so many "whited sepulchres." No light gleamed from the academy windows—all dark as "the people covered with gross darkness." We entered it—not a spark of fire, or a soul there. We consulted what to do. Four little boys came in, then a man (Deacon Lane) and a woman, then two young women, academy scholars boarders at friend Webster's—one more man and lastly friend Webster—*the abolitionist of Sanbornton Square*, and our assembly was complete. Bro Pillsbury found the bell rope and pulled it till it rung clear and loud all over Sanbornton Hills. It agitated the cold night air, but not the colder hearts of the people. Brother Bodwell must have heard it LIKE A KNELL in his study. Nobody came near. Brother Pillsbury went to a store and bought a candle and *lighted the house*—wrapping a bit of newspaper round it, and setting it in a corner of the desk. It threw its beams round upon the empty seats and the "darkness visible" of the "WOODMAN SANBORNTON ACADEMY," the title, we believe, of this *liberal* institution.

We held a season of prayer,—not with the dull formalities of a "*meeting*." We felt the desolate condition of the unfortunate people and their minister, and we prayed for them. Brother Foster followed. We rose from our knees, and he opened his mouth to the handfull that were present, in a most impressive and striking exhortation, addressing them as *the entire humanity of the place*,—told them that on them had devolved, in the providence of God, the responsibility of awakening that people and minister—told them the slave's case and of the Judgement, and bore an appalling testimony against the place. Brother Pillsbury and myself briefly followed with similar appeal and testimony.—Friend Webster spoke with feeling for the cause, and sorrow for the state of the people, and we separated—chilled by sitting without fire. Brothers Pillsbury and Foster went to see Mr. Bodwell, and from what they said, did their duty faithfully to him.

Departed next morning for Gilmanton academy—friend Webster generously refusing to allow any of us to pay for our kind entertainment—being amply paid, he said, by opportunity of thus showing his love to the cause.—Reached Gilmanton about 12. Called on our way at the magnificent seat of Ex Governor Badger—as fine a home as we have ever seen in New Hampshire, and beautiful even after a sight of Old England. The Governor was absent. His wife unable to see what we here at the north had to do with the southern slaves—but admitted she might think otherwise, if she had a son or a daughter on the plantations as slaves. We endeavored to illustrate, in a word or two, the similarity of the two cases—the slavery of her own children and of our poor brethren and sisters at the South, and our similar obligations. We rode on to Gilmanton Corner—to our friend Jonathan Clarke's—whom we found not at home—but instead of him, a home full of anti-slavery hearts,—augmented by the arrival, just before us, of two anti-slavery sons from Dartmouth College, with a fellow student, as anti-slavery as themselves, Philip C. Knapp, of Newbury Port.—It is rare to find anti-slavery so elegantly quartered as at friend Clarke's. It generally dwells in the lowly habitation. Brother C. is *the abolitionist of Gilmanton Corner*. How we fared and sped in our attempt at a meeting here, we must defer to another week.

Amos Wood in Prison.

We had the painful gratification, last Friday morning, of going with our brother Amos Wood's wife, to see him where he was shut up in the loathesome cell of Hopkinton gaol—for being "conscientiously scrupulous of bearing arms" and learning the barbarian mummery of military service.

We had never before had the privilege of seeing this Calcutta Black Hole of the *humane* and *Christian* county of Merrimack. We do not know who is legally answerable for the character of that "place of torment." We think the county judges at least are—if not every inhabitant. It is not a place of confinement warranted by any law of this State or of any State this side Algiers. The law knows only local confinement. It does not contemplate a "place of torment."—It contemplates security from escape, and that only. It has provided no dungeon or Magdeburgh castle, for the citizens of the country to be shut up in,—those especially who have been convicted of no crime. The State-prison ought to be only a place of *confinement* and *labor*. *Convicted* and *sentenced* criminals are not to be tormented. They are only to be *shut up* and *kept at hard labor*. They are not to be starved, or frozen, or shut out from necessary light, wholesome air, and comfortable lodging, & decent, cleanly apartments. They are to be fed well, and well provided for, and deprived only of their freedom of locomotion, and obliged to perform what is called "hard labor." The common treatment of the convict in the State prison springs from usage, rather than from law. By law the Warden is only authorised to enforce sentence, which is *confinement* in the State-prison, "*to hard labor*," for the given period. If he does any thing beyond this, to render the convict uncomfortable in any respect, he is a trespasser. If it be so in regard to the convicted criminal, how is it with respect to the merely accused, or the *not* even accused prisoner? The indicted man confined before trial, is regarded by the law as innocent, and treated so on his very trial. The State is bound to constitute him guilty in the eye of the law by proof. Until that is done he is esteemed innocent. And he is imprisoned only to secure his attendance for trial.—And the keeper is unauthorised to inflict upon him the *slightest inconvenience* beyond what is necessary to this end.—He has no right to lock him up in a lothesome, unhealthful cell. He has no right to shut him up in a dark, dreary, uncomfortable place. If the county does not provide a suitable gaol for him to keep, the gaoler has no right to keep it, and is an unlawful imprisoner of every man he incommodes beyond the treatment necessary to secure his personal confinement. Suppose the cells in Hopkinton gaol were mortal in one night, would the keeper be justified in locking up a man there, and *destroying his life*? He has as much right to put him into an *exhausted receiver*. If by the writ of committal, the keeper is authorised to put the prisoner into *the county gaol*, it is supposed by the law that the gaol is a fit place for an *innocent* man, and a place of *confinement* merely. If the fact be not so, the writ cannot lawfully be obeyed—And no man ought to serve it. No man can *legally* serve it. It is the inhumanity of the community that thus maltreats the prisoner, and not the law. It is the inhumanity of Merrimack County, that shuts people up in Hopkinton gaol, and not the law. What should prevent the sufferer from prosecuting and recovering damages, for an imprisonment such as Hopkinton Bastile involves? By what law is a man, who has not pecuniary credit sufficient to get bonds for appearance at court, and who is to stand *in the custody of the law*, till he obeys the order to furnish bonds, shut up in such custody as Hopkinton gaol? By what law is he entombed, burried alive—suffocated with stench—or foddered through a grate, like a dog in a kennel? By what law is he in the least degree incommoded beyond necessary detention! Prisoners have legal rights as we as other men. But their rights are forgotten and disregarded, like the rights of the slave. Have he have not rights, fie on your law!—And shame on your courts that will administer it. We do not believe that the judges on the Bench of this county know what an infernal prison-house they have got out here in the genteel town of Hopkinton. If the secrets of that prison house could be revealed to them—it would make their honorable hairs to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.—The law does not contemplate any such kennels. It has no purpose to be answered by any such. The law is humane—or at least human. It presumes innocence.—It punishes to reform,—and not to revenge. It is not a tyrant, and has no tyrant's dungeons. That Hopkinton gaol is a tyrant's dungeon.—It shuts a lawful keep. Law never built such a structure,—and it would not commit a man to it.

We went to visit our beloved brother Wood in this doleful place. It is in the back part of a human dwelling. The stench that issued from the confined and grated window of his cell, into the cold entry that ranged before it, was intolerable to us. We had to approach it or we could not see our friend. We did not see how he could live in it. He approached the aperture eagerly and gave us his hand through the bars of iron. He said he was happy, and had passed a peaceful night—and had no desire to come out, while the cause of his imprisonment remained unremoved. If his brother Morrill, who placed him there, wished him to come out, he would with cheerfulness. It was not a desirable place he said, of itself—but he felt no disposition to complain of it as a place in which to bear testimony to the Truth, and to suffer for it. The apartment was quite small for an individual's sleeping room. Four men were shut up in it. In one corner of it was their straw couch—and in the other————their Necessary! Two small, gloomy windows admitted the reluctant light of heaven, through bars that seemed placed there as much to keep that out, as to keep the wretched inmates in. Two of the men are confined on charge of arson—and the other is a poor insane man, who has endured confinement in that diabolical cell for nine tedious years.—Last winter he said he went without fire. He bears it with a piteous patience. "He had rather be out," he said. "It always suited him better to be out, taking care of the cattle, than to be in the house about the fire." Poor maniac brother. He has foregone the light of day and the soothing influences of nature more than half a generation, in that heart-subduing abode. The affectionate demeanor of brother Wood toward him was a cordial to his dismantled spirit. And so it was to the other poor prisoners. They appreciated his kind admonitions—and for the brief period he was with them their slow time passed swiftly away. And though they must miss his society greatly, it will still continue to soothe their desolate spirits, to think there is somebody, who cares for their souls and pities their distress, and does not sympathise with the barbarity that shuts them up in a cell like that.

Brother Wood was not put there for a crime

He was confined there because he was unwilling to commit one. As a Christian he was opposed to the savage custom of war and the heathenish practice of training men to the butchery of each other. He is the professed follower of Him, who declared that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword; —and that if His kingdom were of this world then would *His servants fight*—but that his kingdom was not" of this world. Asa Morrill a member of the same church whereof brother Wood was member and deacon, accepted the command of a company organized for the purpose of learning the art of human butchery.—He took the oath to perform its unchristian, wicked, murderous offices. He warned, as in military duty bound, his brother Wood—*knowing his sentiments*—to appear at a training, armed &c., as the law directs. He knew brother Wood's conscientious abhorrence of the whole military system.—He knew too, that by law the persons called Quakers were, for conscientious scruples the same with brother Wood's, exempted from performing this service. Could he not then, fairly have construed the law of exemption as based on the *scruples* of the Quakers, rather than on their sectarian name or profession, and have regarded brother Wood as coming properly within its provisions.—Or had he doubted his power to do that—ought not the manifest injustice of compelling such a man to train, or suffer such a penalty, to have made it impossible for a christian to accept or act under the commission? Ought he not to have resigned the Commission, rather than imprison one of his Christian brethren—a man whose scruples he himself believed were of the purest and most genuine character? Had the *fighting* system such seductive charms for him, that he must accept power under it, when it involved such horrible consequences? But we leave that to brother Morrill's judgment and conscience. We speak without *reproachfulness* of him. He has since done what he could, we understand, to undo the wrong he did his brother Wood, in pursuing him with the penalties of that wicked law;—that is, so far as brother W. himself is concerned. He sent an order to the gaoler, by friend Robert Davis, the Postmaster, for brother Wood's deliverance, and friend Davis was kind enough to go on purpose to bring him home from the prison to his family. The fine would have been paid, had brother Wood consented to its payment. But he declined coming out unless he had fully borne his testimony and vindicated his principles. This we are happy to know he has done —and we trust it will produce its salutary and full effect, in opening the eyes of professed Christians to the horrible inconsistency of bearing arms, and "learning war."

Brother Wood was dragged to Hopkinton by Mr. Sylvester Dana—son of Reverend Mr. Dana, formerly of Orford. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and as we understand, is a student at law in this place.—He was dragged away, under cover of night, from his helpless family and thrown into that loathsome cell, after the poor prisoners were in their straw. There he was left without a light even, to show him the horrors of the place—among strangers—to grope his way to their *bed* in the dark—one of them insane—or to pass the night on the bare, cold floor. But this was not Mr. Dana's fault. He could not avoid it. Was he not a sworn officer in the militia! Had he not a Sergeant's warrant! Had he not pledged himself to the high trust of discharging and performing all the duties incumbent on him as 3d Sergeant of such a company of militia according to the best of his abilities!—Was not the honor and safety of the defence of the State committed as it were to his charge—to say nothing of his reputation as an officer or of the fees of committal! He was obliged to do it. It was a horrible cell. Common Humanity would not have thrown an enemy's dog in there, if it could help it—But war has its calamities—and as old Kaspar said of the Battle of Blenheim

"Things like that you know *must be*
"At *every famous victory*."

Amos Wood Excommunicated.

Our brother Wood has not only been imprisoned in Hopkinton gaol for being "conscientiously scrupulous," as a christian, "of bearing arms,"—but he has been excommunicated by the Reverend Mr. Noyes' Church, for being alike "scrupulous," as a christian, of supporting a pro-slavery pulpit. He was a deacon of the South Church. Of his ardent and heavenly-minded piety—his devotedness to the cause of Christ—his exemplary life and conversation, it behoves not us to speak They are known to all the people of this place, who, however they may despise him as the friend of the outcast slave, cannot withhold from him the most spotless character.—The pulpit of his meeting house was occupied by a pro-slavery minister. The church occupied a position of most inconsistent character on this subject and other moral subjects of the day.—Brother Wood to bear his testimony against that position absented himself from the South church meeting and declined paying to support its minister—as he most unquestionably had right to do, and was bound to as he felt and believed in regard to anti-slavery, &c.

He attended a little meeting of independent anti-slavery worshippers, as he had equal right to do.

The church called him to account for it and instead of attempting to show him that he was wrong as a christian, excommunicated him.

The military power stood ready to take him and carry him to Hopkinton. .

For the Herald of Freedom.

Mr. Rogers—

Sir, I have long contemplated becoming a subscriber for the Herald. I like its manly bearing, its uncompromising, independent attitude. I love its thrilling poetry and eloquent prose; its trumpet tones for freedom sound musically to him who has looked at the gathering blackness of slavery, and felt its iron grasp laid upon the pulpit and the press. There is hope for freedom yet, and so long as her "Herald" is crying, "*to the rescue*," I will not despair. It gives me pleasure to learn that the paper is to be conducted by its former editor.—Professors of religion have their spiritual fathers, and abolitionists have, for the most part, anti-slavery fathers; and here I would acknowlege my obligations to the Herald of Freedom; it has been the means of converting my stubborn democracy, to unwavering abolitionism—or rather, it has lopped off the misletoe of slavery, that was living upon it, and leaching of all its vitality, and I begin to see, that "equal rights," and no rights at all, cannot grow on the same bramble. It is astonishing what inconsistencies are incorporated into human creeds—and sometimes it seems as if these very inconsistencies and contradictions were made to propagate and defend them.—"All men are born free and equal," says the Democrat's creed; but a great portion of the human family are born slaves and our inferiors, says the Democratic practice. The only legitimate end of all government is to secure equal privileges to all, say liberty loving Democrats, as a prime article of their faith; but no sooner does a man attempt to grant the poor black the privilege of learning his A B C, than his building is destroyed, if at the north, or if at the south, he is tied up to the next tree, whipped for the first offence, and threatened with death for the second. O glorious Democracy! "All men are born with certain inalienable rights, among which is liberty," says Thomas Jefferson, the great Father of American Democrcy; but all slaveholders are born with certain inalienable rights, among which, is the privilege of lashing the poor black man, according to their good will and pleasure, say northern and southern modern Democracy.—Another of these inalienable rights is, the pursuit of happiness. Just look at a southern auction sale of negroes! and see the miserable wretches, in the *free* pursuit of happiness. "Here is the negro man Cesar, a real jack at all trades, worth fifteen hundred dollars, how much am I to have for him?" "Eight hundred dollars," "nine hundred," ten hundred, twelve hundred and fifty." "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars is all I am offered! is that all gentlemen"? "Gone, to Mr. Sugar House." Now, Cesar, your may march off to the canefields, in pursuit of *happiness*. This *is* most *beautiful* democracy surely! And then, we make our boast that *ours* is the only democratic government on the face of the globe, and in our flaunting republicanism, we invite the oppressed of all climes and nations,

'To this land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"*This land of the free*"!! Oh! we mean democratic freedom—where the white man is free to whip and enslave the black, and if he offers the least resistance to his haughty master, the lordly tyrant is *free*, to call for "northern swords and bayonets," to sustain his authority; this is what *we* call "the land of the free." Now, sir, I have been a democrat "from my youth up." I have always sustained "*the party*," so far as my *vote* could do it, and "this know all the dwellers" at L. I intend to suppert democratic principles still, but henceforth, there is to be more consistency in my democracy, and I embrace this opportunity to tell *the party*, that if they *will* preach one thing, and practice another, the cords that bound me to it are sundered, and here is my writing of divorcement—I cast my vote the second of this month, for Martin Van Buren, and my reasons were, because I approved of the general measures of this administration; but I despise this fawning, this pro-slavery subserviency, of a northern man. If slavery is to be defended in Congress, let southern men do it; let not the vile system be supported by northern votes, and northern influence, merely for the sake of securing party favors—It appears to me that a northern man, especially one who professes democratic principles, can have no fellowship, hearty and sincere, for Slavery. Why then, do so great a majority of them apologize for and defend it? The secret I believe is this One party wants the votes of the south for Van Buren, and the other party wants them for Harrison, and the great struggle is to see who will bid highest. Why have abolitionists at the north been insulted in all manner of ways; their meetings broken up with brick-bats and rotten eggs, or serenaded with brass kettles, tin horns and other suitable instruments of music for a northern pro-slavery mob? why have their presses been destroyed, when one provision of the Constitution is that Congress shall not enact laws abridging the liberty of speech or the press? It is all accounted for, and no man needs study long to discover the reason. Party policy has ruled the people, till the mob have well nigh made our laws, and have executed them, in many instances without judge or jury. When our affairs assume such an aspect, every friend of liberty, every lover of good order, and every man who wishes well to his country, should step forth from party ranks, and determine to make one effort to bring back our government, and those who administer it, to their primitive purity—let it be known and felt, that professions and fair words cannot secure our suffrages, but that correct principles, and deeds to correspond, can alone command our esteem and support. When this is done, democratic principles will be followed by equal laws, equal rights, and privileges—man will no longer enslave his fellow, and instead of this party scramble for office, he will endeavor to merit our support, by uniting "noble ends" with "noble means."

I find I have written you a rambling communication, and I will just say, that several "Heralds" were formerly taken in this town, but I understand that not more than one or two are sent at present. On enquiring, I find also, that your subscribers have discontinued it for the very reason that induces me to take it. They thought you were too severe. The Abolition Standard has supplanted you in this place. Now there are a goodly number of abolitionists in this town, older than myself, and of course ought to be better able to bear strong meat. But if they wish to diet on milk and water, I will not contend with them. The cry was formerly raised against the temperance cause, "you are going too fast and too far, we can't bear such hard sayings, and you will ruin the cause." Well, what was the effect? Temperance men talked milder, then milder, then said nothing, and did nothing, till finally there is but little progress making, and in some places I fear it is progressing backward. This exhibition of weak and sensitive stomachs looks ominous. If we would reform the world of vices, it avails but little to bow down and worship them; to stroke them over the back with one hand, and use the goad occasionally with the other—but open and avowed hostility, and persevering warfare, only, can effect our object; and such a battle I believe the Herald has waged.

Please send me the paper.

Lyme, Nov. 17. SAMUEL FLINT, Jr.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Sectarianism and Infidelity.

Among the several hundred different denominations who profess the christian religion in our world, and who base their faith (professedly) upon the same divine revelation, there seems to be more exertion and anxiety to outvie each other in point of numerical strength and worldly power and applause, than in excelling in the christian graces that should adorn every individual and society who say to the world by their public professions that they are the followers of that humble, unostentatious, kind, benevolent, sympathising, unsinning, and holy personage; who more than eighteen hundred years ago inhabited our earth, and established the system they profess to believe, and whose precepts and examples they profess to observe and imitate.

These numerous sectaries, perhaps may all say that they have come up out of great tribulation and persecution, and in their endeavors to imitate and follow Christ their leader they have experienced the most bitter persecutions. Enquire of them from whom they have originated, and they will invariably tell you that their worst persecutions have arisen from professed christians of other denominations who would denounce, and slander, and stigmatize them with all manner of fanatical and hard names, which coming from such a source would give license to a wicked world to treat them as such with impunity. But if they adhered with christian tenacity to the virtuous principles which they draw from the christian system, and succeeded in making themselves respectable in point of numbers and influence, the weapons of persecution would be thrown down by their opponents, and they have almost invariably been received into the christian fellowship of those who have violently opposed them.—Since my own remembrance this has been fully exemplified in the case of the Methodist Episcopal church. I well remember when the first Methodist preachers travelled through the northern part of N. H., and how the people were warned by the good old "Watchman" of the Congregational order to beware of them as wolves in sheep's clothing, and such stories as were circulated, concerning the *Methodists*, their doctrines, their meetings, their camp meetings, their holy rolls, &c. I very well remember. And I remember too that my honored father through such influence entirely prohibited his children who were under his control, from attending any methodist meeting whatever. And I remember too when I was as afraid of a Methodist preacher as I was of a wild creature—but it is not so now. They have long since become a strong society, a popular sect, and a great nation; and although they preach the same doctrines, and pursue the same courses as they then did, their opposers consider them sufficiently orthodox to entitle them to christian fellowship, and, consider it as not injuring the cause of christianity to frequently exchange pulpits with them. The same thing has been acted out in relation to other societies.—And in short, the same spirit has been manifested in all church organizations towards infant churches, their own offsprings, from the memorable reformation in the days of Calvin and Luther down to the present time. From observation of church history, it will every where be seen that when a church gets above persecution, and is considered respectable and popular, and especially if it is so by legislative enactments, *that* church degenerates into a cold, formal, lifeless state, and is as void of the true spirit of christianity as were those anciently to whom Christ said that even the publicans and harlots should enter heaven before them. And from the fact of such degeneracy in churches, new churches are raised up by Him who will have a seed to serve Him on the earth, and such as will serve Him in spirit and in truth.

Much astonishment is expressed, and much is written and published on the alarming increase and spread of infidelity; but to me it is no great matter of astonishment. It is an axiom every where admitted that no effect can be produced without a cause, and that causes will invariably produce effects.—Is it not enough to produce pyrrhonism, for degenerate worldlings to examine the various sects and isms of the present day and look for the "fights" of the world in the churches and find them inshrouded perhaps nine tenths of them in all the maxims practices and customs of the world; so that it is nearly impossible to distinguish them from the world except at church or on a communion occasion. Can much difference be discovered in the ordinary transactions of worldly concerns between a church member and a nonprofessor—are they any more honest? dare you entrust them with an advantage over you? are they *morally* honest?—I conceive a very great difference between moral honesty and legal honesty; there is an obligation that a christian is under (and I believe that none can be christians without observing it,) that the civil law has never attempted to impose, that is to do as you would be done by; and this I conceive extends to all the circumstances and minutia of ordinary transactions of life among our fellowmen.

How often have I seen church members arraigned before an ecclesiastical tribunal charged with some unchristian conduct. They would plead not guilty to the charge and bring on testimony to prove their innocence. After positive denials, and labored exertions to establish their innocence, I have seen them brought in *guilty*, and compelled to make a public confession of their guilt or be excluded from the church; and rather than lose their standing in the church I have heard them confess the fact they so positively denied and labored so hard to disprove; and by so doing be reinstated as before. What effect must such a cause produce? Is not scepticism the fruit that would naturally grow from it?

Too numerous are the causes originating in christian churches to specify, which have a direct tendency to produce pyrrhonism; but above all others, the course taken by the great mass of the christianity-professing community, both ministers and members in relation to the subject of American Slavery is the most astonishing.

It is not surprising that wicked men who neither fear God nor regard man should take any course whatever that might promote their own ease, or sensual gratifications,—but that men professing to possess the spirit of Christ, and to be actuated by Christian principles, can tolerate such a system of iniquity as that of slavery, is a mystery indeed.

When God first peopled the earth with rational intelligences, he gave man dominion over all the inhabitants of the earth, air and water—but no where is it recorded that he gave him dominion over his fellow man, but created all equal, and endowed all with the same inalienable rights, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, of which no man can rightfully deprive another—nor even the individual deprive himself with impunity. And according to the earliest history extant, God made it the duty of man to sustain his own life by his own industry. But man has sought out many inventions; and among others he has sought out that of compelling by brute force, his fellow man to labor without compensation or reward, all his life long to support him in idleness and dissipation, contrary to the statute of God in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of human nature. And modern christians and churches tolerate it at least by assenting to it, if not by their open vindication of it.—though to the praise of the Christian religion be it said, there are individual exceptions.

Right and wrong being immutable, unchanging and unchangable principles, if superior physical or brute force gives right to enslave inferiors, then such right would be good under all circumstances. Hence should a dissolution of our American Union take place, and the slaveholding South be left alone to take care of her own "peculiar institutions," and should the slave population (being undoubtedly at this time sufficiently strong) assert their rights, change ends, and compel the whites to labor for them on the same terms that they have labored for the whites ever since the formation of our government, then that would be right too.

And could it be possible for such a thing to take place for a very short time, and then cease forever, I should be glad to see our modern divines and christians, and all who are pleading for slavery on scriptural grounds, put into the slaves harness, and endure their sufferings, for a *few days* only, but at the same time let them suppose that it is to be perpetual, and see if they would use the same scriptural arguments to console themselves and each other, that they now use to sustain the accursed system, and quiet their own consciences. I should be willing to have this continue only long enough to give them a very small taste of the various crumbs of comfort that flow to the happy slaves through the delightful channels of the negro quarters—the variety and quantity of food, the happifying dissolutions of family connections with a *small* share of the refreshing cow-skin and a little vinegar and salt or pepper-sauce, just to give a relish on their naked, bleeding backs.—Would they not pray as heartily for the continuance of the good old patriarchal institution as they now do that God would break every chain, liberate the captive and let the oppressed go free, while they stand with their full weight on the neck of the poor slave!

Littleton, Nov. 18. F. P.

Strafford County Anti-Slavery Convention.

The Abolitionists of this County are requested to meet in Convention at Somersworth, on the SEVENTEENTH of DECEMBER coming, for the purpose of forming a County Anti-Slavery Society, auxiliary to the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and of taking such other measures as shall be deemed useful in furtherance of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this State. We earnestly invite the friends of our great enterprise from the other Counties to meet with us on that occasion, and the friends of Humanity wherever they may dwell, to whose knowledge our call may come. Let us meet in the name of God, whose children are imbruted and whose name is dishonored by the horrid system of Slavery. It is time for renewed and increased effort in this Cause. We are slow in coming to the rescue of our perishing brother. While we linger, he suffers and perishes. Let this hasten our movement, and let us remember too, that human life is brief, and what we do *must be done quickly*.

November, 1840.

Defered

Two most interesting letters from brother Pillsbury, from Epsom, and Lee.—Also a communication from David Ames.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

Mrs. S. Wiggin $1.50.——Joseph Hayes $2.00.——William Ball, Esq. $2.72.——James C. Locke $6.00.——Rachel Marshall $0.75.——George Coffin $1.00.——George Coffin, for the Cabinet $1.00.

The Boston Almanac for 1841.

BY S. N. DICKINSON,

Will be ready for purchasers about the 20th of December. Orders first received will meet with the first attention. This number is an improvement upon all preceding numbers. It contains

A DIRECTORY

OF ALL THE

BUSINESS PEOPLE AND FIRMS *IN THE CITY*,

Alphabetically arranged under each business or profession. This Directory will be of great importance to all who are in any way connected with the business interests of Boston, as it will be a complete guide to the Warehouses, Stores, Shops and Offices of the citizens. The Calendar pages have been greatly improved, and contain five or six additional columns of important calculations. The Almanac will contain a corrected map of the city, a list of all the Streets, Banks, Insurance Offices, Societies, Biographies of Eminent Men, Government of United States, Census of Massachusetts, Courts, etc., Public Institutions, Stages, Packets, etc., and a very interesting account of the city of Lowell, written by one of her citizens.

The work will be printed on fine paper, with entire new type, and handsomely bound in cloth.—Price 25 cents per copy. A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Orders sent to THOMAS GROOM, 82 State street, Boston, will meet with prompt attention.

Dentistry.

DANIEL V. FOLTS, M. D., associate with Dr. Merrill in the practice of *PHYSIC and SURGERY*,

Begs leave to announce to his friends and the public that he may be also consulted in the branches of

DENTAL SURGERY.

Porcelain or Incorruptible Mineral Teeth inserted on Pivots.

Cavities excavated and filled with gold, so as to prevent further decay.

Tartar and other injurious concretions removed from the Teeth, while particular attention will be paid to spongy and diseased gums.

In a word,—gold plate work excepted,—every operation that can conduce to the beauty or permanence of the teeth will be performed on the most improved and scientific principles and with the greatest care.

Franklin, N. H., Nov. 14th, 1840. eop3w*

ANTI-SLAVERY SLEIGH WANTED!

Any person wishing to aid the cause of Anti-Slavery, may do an essential service by the donation of a Sleigh, for the use of the Society's Agents. P. PILLSBURY, *Gen. Agt.*

N. B. Send word to N. P. Rogers, as soon as convenient.

W M. B. HOIT.

PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms over the Concord Bank.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS!!

AND TAILORING, AT

ESTABROOK'S.

AS above, at the GREAT S may be found the most extensive lot of WOOLENS in this Market—Consisting of the different *Styles* and qualities. Large arrivals of CLOTHS this week from *last Importations*. They will be disposed of at BARGAINS; and made into Garments—if desired, in such shape as to satisfy—or no pay will be required.

Sign. Great S.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANACS FOR 1841—For sale at the Anti Slavery Rooms.

POETRY.

For the Herald of Freedom.

The Slave's Soliloquy.

The white men say, beyond our mortal sight,
There is a glorious world supremely bright,
Where weary souls at death from toil will rest,
And be with holy angels ever blest.
The holy book reveals a Saviour's love
They say, and guides to that fair world above:
But still they keep its teachings from the view
Of those whose skin is of a darker hue.
No truth—no glimmering ray of light divine
From that bless'd book illumes the bondman's mind.
He reads no promise, nor in youth nor age,
Amidst his wrongs his sorrows to assuage.
'T is Christ's command his holy word to search;
The law forbids and so assents the church.
Thus Church and State most willingly unite
To make men heathen mid the gospel light.
And these with any heathen will compare,
As once a southern Synod did declare.
How dare the church withdraw the helping hand
From her own heathen in this Christian land!
Like papal Rome withhold the word of God
From those for whom Christ shed his precious blood!
A heathen sell where shines the gospel ray—
The price of that immortal being pay,
The heathen to convert in lands afar away!
Endowed with reason what can be their plea,
When strangely inconsistent men will be!
Now, what they would destroy where from the tale,
They teach in this their democratic school;
What they to others here refuse to teach,
They there with zeal will propagate and preach.
At great expense they print the holy word
In foreign tongues, and send it far abroad—
Through Europe's clime to India's coral strand,
To Africa's coast and fair Van Dieman's Land;
To the red man away in western wilds;
And far o'er ocean to the heathen isles.
And this is right. But O let angels weep,
That these professed Christians cruel keep
This book in our own language from our sight,
And make us grope in shades of moral night.
To parents all these holy scriptures say;
Your children guide in wisdom's pleasant way,
And this command the white man can obey.
Their little ones can have instruction given,
And learn their duty and the way to heaven.
But o'er *our* children we have no control;
Nor means can use to save their precious souls.
Our master is our God: him we must please;
Him we must serve, whate'er become of these.
To find a black with gifts to read is rare,
And yet they guard us with a special care.
Should one of us who knows a father's love,
And for his offspring dear, whose bowels move
With all a parent's feelings, tender, kind,
Attempt to teach his child the book divine:
For this they give him stripes in number thirty-nine.
Of earnings wrung from toil, and sweat, and blood,
They rob us and devote a part to God.
They sell us—part us from our bosom friends—
Our little babes—these tender ties they rend.
And when into our dark and troubled mind,
Some good Samaritan would pour the wine
Of consolation, multitudes decide,
And raise the cry, "The church you will divide."
And O how many *in the States called free*,
When they their bleeding *colored* brother see,
With hardened hearts will disregard his cry,
And like the Priest and Levite pass him by,
How many when a slave his freedom gains,
Will help again to rivet on his chains.
Thus by the cruel robber they will do
As they would be done by if they were robbers too.
Of democratic laws the statesmen prate,
While harsh they hear the negro's fetter grate.
Yes, more despotic democrats have grown
Than tyrant monarchs seated on the throne.
They impiously to justice make pretence,
And yet deny the black man self defence—
All liberty, that precious boon to man;
And by oppression shorten life's short span.
An act for which a colored man must bleed,
If done by whites, is called a glorious deed.
Should we be tempted to protect a wife
From ruffian hands, the law would take our life.
Her virtue should the colored maid defend,
Her life despotic law would also end.
They say all men are free and equal made,
And yet in fellow man they shameless trade.
Yes, fathers their own *colored* children sell,
Without a blush of shame, without a fear of hell.
They call us chattels, and as such we're used:
Thus Christ in his own image is abused.
But property of man they ne'er can make,
Till the eternal throne of God they shake;
Till they in glory God himself outshine,
And change His own fixed laws, immutable, divine.

W.

MISCELLANY.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

Cruelty to Animals.

There are those who seek *pleasure* in *torturing* every living creature. No one of benevolent feelings can contemplate the character of such persons, and not experience emotions of pain.

That fountain, the human heart, from which should emanate feelings of kindness which ought, in a proper degree, to extend to every living object, too frequently alas, is made the abode of anything but goodness.—The cruel tyranny of a Nero, to many seems preferable to the dignity and benevolence of a Howard.

There is a class of community whose supreme delight seems to be to inflict pain upon beast, bird and insect, whenever opportunity presents. A large majority of *boys* are ever ready to join in the cry of "*hit him, kill him*"—ever on the alert with stone in hand to pelt the defenceless animal which flees beyond them. Parents should endeavor to check in the bud, such cruel propensities in their children. "*Bent as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*" The twig, left to itself, may become a branch of stubborn growth; hence the importance of bending it when in a state of youthful elasticity. If the guides of youth desire those entrusted to their care to grow up in possession of feelings of humanity, and wish them to breathe forth an atmosphere of benevolence throughout society,—let them point to the character of the great pattern of benevolence:—teach youth to love the beautiful in nature,—to cherish feelings of kindness towards all creatures. A propensity to *torture* even the *vilest* thing of earth, should not receive the slightest countenance. The Maker of all things is Himself the deep, rich, sole fountain of universal benevolence. Man, if he will, may drink freely, without price, of its clear, delicious and invigorating waters. He who designs not to accept of the proffered sweets of this fountain of inestimable goodness, may thus be found:

——See him with tyrant whip in hand,
Lashing the willing horse, while every nerve
Is on the utmost stretch, his pond'rous load
To draw. When least offence is meant, deepest
He feels the smarting lash. He springs
And trembles;—knows not why chastised;—
Again about his ears the vile string burns;—
With merciless ferocity, the *fiend*
(A better name for master,) springs the whip,
Till e'en this noble steed to earth bends low
In groans and blood.

——Mark well this dolt—
In youth he tortured beast and bird, and laugh'd
When kind reproof was given.

——See yonder ox.
Of gentle eye—could he but speak, what tales
Of cruelty he'd breathe. Deep in his sides
The pointed wire, urged by his master's hand,
Has found its way. You steers in bondage yoked
Have felt full deep the cruel master's thrust.—
And o'er their brow the aching walnut too.
Has bent e'en while each look was willingness.
Almost in frantic mood the tyrant roars,
Nor deigns, e'en for his own kind ox, to feel
One spark of sympathy:—no, no—with heart
Of adamantine cast, and icy eye
He can behold, unmov'd the gentle beast
Writhe in his agony.—This too, was he
Who lov'd in youth to torture beast and bird.
Anon, we see him with vile lash in hand
Drawing from *human* form, from timid slave
The crimson gore, e'en while the galling chains
Clank round the wretch who pleads in vain
For mercy. O, methinks I hear the sound
Of tyrant whip, re-echoing through the glades
And glens.—Methinks I see, snake-like, the lash
Coil close about that dark-skin boy, who writhes
And groans, while earth drinks in his blood profuse:
No chord of sympathy can vibrate here:
The fiendish master *has no heart*,
Or if he has, 'tis *stone*. He too,—mark well—
He was that reckless boy who sought the woods,
Not for the beauteous flowers, nor to behold
Fair nature's works, but to deprive the bird
Of its own young;—to stop the linnet's breath,
To chase the timid hare. Without the badge
Of *death*, he could not to the fields away—
His glory was to torture beast and bird,
And every living thing.

Ye guides of youth,
Judge if this picture's of too dark a shade.

O, while the twig is young and green,
See that it's bent in careful mood;
So that in age, it shall be seen,
A stately tree, all fair and good.

Indian Mode of Cutting Precious Stones.—The native lapidaries throughout India are very expert in the process of cutting and polishing pebbles. Having selected the most suitable to their purpose, they slice them, by sawing them with thin iron wire fixed in a bow, leaving at the end a coil to renew the wire as it is worn away by the friction. The workman having seated himself on the ground, drives into it a piece of bamboo about a foot long; in this he makes a slit vertically, to fix the pebble upon which he is to work. He then places an earthen cup of water, and another of coarsely powdered corundum (sometimes only sand) on his left; and having taken the bow in his right hand, and wetted the fore finger and thumb of his left hand, he applies the powdered corundum every now and then to the wire as he saws the stone; and by a little practice, the stone is cut very evenly. Although this plan, owing to the expense of manual labor, might not answer for mechanics generally in this country, yet children of both sexes might be employed very beneficially in sawing the stones by the foregoing very cheap and simple process, preparatory to their being polished. The labor is nothing, the means available, and the method easily taught.

Bleeding.—A correspondent of the New York Signal, has suggested a plan to stop bleeding.—He says:

When arterial blood is seen to gush from a wound, let the by-standers reflect that the blood is passing from the body into the limb. The member having been exposed as quickly as possible, let him take a pocket handkerchief and tie it loosely, but with a tight knot, around the limb *above* the wound. then introduce a stick, or the handle of a penknife, which will answer perfectly well, and twist it round several times, till the limb is firmly compressed by the handkerchief, and the blood ceases to flow. Indeed the wounded person might do it himself, unless the bleeding was very profuse, so as to cause his fainting at once. After the bleeding is stopped, the handkerchief may be somewhat relaxed, but still continued around the limb, until a surgeon can be called to secure the vessel. In case of a wound of a vein, there is much less danger, and a moderate compression *below* the wound will restain the blood.

When a person is suddenly attacked with bleeding from the *lungs*, nothing is so effectual as the use of a nutmeg, grated or cut with a knife, and administered in a little water or other liquid which may be at hand.

To Mothers.—I have heard an affectionate mother say she would rather have her child taken away in infancy, than grow up a bad man. Then, fond mother you will guard as carefully, and pray as earnestly, against bad tempers in the soul as bad humors in the body,—aganist vice as against disease.

Cows should be kept in a warm place during winter, and they will give more milk on account of it. So says the Cultivator's Almanac.

Imperishable Substance.—Says the good Mr. Newton, "I one day visited a family that had suffered by a fire, which had destroyed their houses and all their goods. I found the pious mistress in tears. I said, 'I give you joy, madam!' Surprised and ready to be offended, she exclaimed, 'What! joy that all my property is consumed!' 'No, but I give you joy that you have so much property that no fire can touch.' This turn checked her grief, and she wiped her tears, and smiled like the sun shining after an April shower." When afflictions come, of any sort, how apt are Christians to feel that they are *ruined*, desolate, destroyed. If their house is consumed, they forget that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. If a beloved object is torn by the hand of death from their grasp, they forget that better friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and never dies.

Post Office at Washington.—The General Post Office is a marble structure 200 feet long, with two wings, and is to be three stories high. It is designed, when completed, to accommodate the Postmaster General and about 100 clerks. It will be, it is said, the handsomest edifice in the Union.

British Post Office.—Letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight, may be sent through the kingdom for one penny, and in the same proportion for greater weight. The rates are double if the postage is not paid in advance.

Letters to and from the United States, if sent by the packet, twelve times, and if by private ship, eight times, the above rates. This applies to Cunnard's line, and includes the inland postage.

Letters from foreign ports for the Continent (except France,) must be post paid in England, or they will be opened and returned.

Newspapers from foreign places by packets or private ships, pay 2d. each, and for this are sent to any part of England.

British newspapers pass through the mails free.

Eastern Railroad.—The Eastern railroad was opened Monday, Nov. 9th, from Newburyport to Portsmouth. The cars now run three times daily from Boston to Portsmouth, leaving Boston at 7 1-2 o'clock in the morning, 12, and 3 o'clock, P. M. The return trains leave Portsmouth at 7 1-2, 11 and 3. A person visiting Portsmouth by the morning train, may remain there an hour, and arrive in Boston on his return before 12 o'clock, or by leaving Boston at noon, and making a short stay in Portsmouth, he may accomplish his return before six.—*Advertiser.*

The mind that is open to conviction, and determined to pursue truth wherever she may guide, will derive lessons, even from its own mistakes, which may prove salutary to itself and to the world. O! how grand is that character that can rise superior to selfishness, and cling to the radiant glory of immutable truth!

Discovery of the Use of Alcohol.—The following curious account of the first use made of alcoholic liquors, is translated from a French work, entitled Le Semeur Soirer.

"Who, at the time when an Arabian Chemist devoted to the search after a universal solvent, by means of which he could transmute metals, discovered alcohol, could have determined the result of that discovery upon the morality and prosperity of mankind? It did not really issue from the domain of chemistry till toward the end of the thirteenth century, when they began in Spain and Italy to sell the spirits of wine, tinctured with certain herbs, as a powerful remedy in various diseases. Later still, the Genoese extracted a spirituous liquor from grain. Passing it off as a powerful specific, they sold it in small phials at a high price, under the name of aqua vitæ, water of life, or *eau de vie*. Till the end of the 16th century, it was considered but as a medicine, and sold only by the apothecaries. About that time the thought was suggested, of furnishing it to miners, who labored in the mines of Hungary, as a preservative against heat and damp. The custom almost at the same time was introduced into Ireland. Among the ordinances of Henry VIII., is one which prohibits more than one manufacturer of spirituous liquors to establish himself in the towns. In the reign of Mary, an Act of Parliament, which describes a liquor of which it is injurous to drink for daily use, prohibits entirely any distilling. We, however, find, some years after, the English soldiers who supported the cause of Holland, in the Low Countries, drinking it as a cordial. This is the commencement of the period from which is dated its manufacture on a large scale both in England and on the Continent. In England, however, the use of beer prevailed with the people till the reign of William and Mary, when, the goverment having encouraged distillation by various measures, the consumption of spirits became excessive. Smollet says, that the retailers of brandy invited passengers, by signs placed over their shops, to drink for the trifle of a penny,—adding, "that for two pence they could *make themselves drunk*, and that they could furnish with straw those who were in that state, to lie upon until they should recover."

Temperance Ship.—The ship Independence, of Belfast, Capt. M'Cappin, for Quebec, with goods and passengers, sailed on Wednesday. This vessel, we understand, has sailed on the temperance principle, (being, we believe, the first vessel in the foreign trade here to adopt it,) the crew having signed articles not to receive any spirits during the voyage. It is to be wished that this plan were more generally prevalent. The good order, safety, health, and comfort that prevail on board those ships navigated by temperate seamen, prove the advantage of the system, to say nothing of the many other benefits it insures both to owners and crews.—*Northern Whig.*

Wheat was selling at Rochester, New York, last week in considerable quantities at 75 cents per per bushel. Flour was selling at $4 a 4,25. A great deal of flour had been made during the week, but not as much sold or shipped by six or seven thousand barrels as in the week previous. Potatoes fell off 5 cents per bushel. They could be bought for 15 a 20 cts.

To Parents.

It is stated by eminent medical writers that at least one third of the children in the United States die from teething, and diseases caused thereby. Read the following:

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.

Dr. W. Evans' celebrated Soothing Syrup for Children cutting their teeth.

This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children when thought past recovery from convulsions. As soon as the syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of Syrup should be used on the gums to open the pores. Parents never should be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with a pain in the gums, the syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums, thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.

The above invaluable medicine, together with Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills, are sold wholesale at 100 Chatham, st. New York, and by

JOHN F. BROWN, Concord, N. H. *Agent for Merrimack County.*

Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

Dr. Wm. Evans'
CAMOMILE APERIENT PILLS,

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS' Nervous diseases, liver complaint, dyspepsia, bilious diseases, piles, ulcers, female weakness, and all cases of hypochondriacism, low spirits, palpitation of the heart, nervous irritability, nervous weakness, fluor albus, seminal weakness, indigestion, loss of appetite, heartburn, general debility, bodily weakness, chlorosis, or green sickness, flatulency, hysterics, headaches, hiccup, sea sickness, night mare, rheumatism, asthma, tic douloreaux, cramp, spasmodic affection, and those who are victims to that most excruciating disorder, Gout, will find relief from their suffering, by a course of Dr. Evan's medicine.

ENVIABLE DISTINCTION.

In the midst of a general, and in many instances, not unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, DR. WM. EVANS' PILLS have the enviable distinction of an universal approbation. They are perhaps the only medicine publicly advertised that has the full and unreserved testimony of medical men in its favor, if not the only one which gives full satisfaction to its purchasers. Dr Wm. Evans has the satisfaction of knowing that his CAMOMILE OR TONIC PILLS are not only regularly recommended and prescribed by the most experienced physicians in their daily practice, but also, taken by those gentlemen themselves, whenever they feel symptoms of those diseases in which they well know them to be efficacious. He knows this to be generally the case in New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Boston, and other large cities in which they have an extensive sale. That they should thus conquer professional prejudice and interested opposition, and secure the agency of the most eminent and best informed physicians in the country to render them useful to all classes, can only be fairly ascribed to their undeniable and pre-eminent virtues.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to act of Congress.* And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or from the

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Dr. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills,
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Are entered according to Act of Congress, and are vended only at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or at the regular Agents.

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Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

THE GENUINE HYGEIAN
Come again!

THE subscriber, by the appointment of E. W. Avery, of Plymouth, General Agent for the State of New Hampshire is agent for the sale of the Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of Health, for Concord and vicinity, and he is now the only individual in the County of Merrimack, of whom the Genuine Hygeian can be obtained. The diseased that for two or three years past have made use of Pills hawked about the country by Horatio Shepheard Moat and his agents, purporting to be the Medicines of the British College of Health, are aware that those Medicines are not what they profess; and fall far short of the efficacy of the Medicines formerly sold by Moat and his agents. This is owing to the fact that Moat instead of selling the Medicines of the British College, of which he was formerly agent, has been for several years selling a Medicine of his own manufacture; this coming to the knowledge of the College, and that health may be brought within the reach of the afflicted in the United States, they have dismissed Moatt from their agency, and appointed in his stead Dr. George Taylor, of New York, of whom and his agents may once more be obtained the genuine MORISON'S PILLS.

The Hygeian Medicines cure all diseases that admit of cure, because all diseases have one origin—IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD; and these Medicines are not only the most certain and efficacious of all purifiers of the blood—but they leave the stomach in healthful action to make GOOD BLOOD—which is HEALTH.

For sale at the Office of the Herald of Freedom, Low's Building, 3d story.

JOHN R. FRENCH.

Concord, June 23, 1840. 18

Selling off at Cost.

ISRAEL S. BOYD, Agent, would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has made arrangements for selling his extensive assortment of Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, TIME-PIECES, &c.,

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I. S. B. would also give notice that he continues the sale of the INDIAN PURGATIVE PILLS, very extensively used. Also,

Dr. BEACH'S Medicines of various kinds, and
Dr. PRESCOTT'S do. do.

All which are highly approved.

Concord, Jan. 23, 1840.

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For Families and Sunday Schools, weekly, at $1 per year in advance.

THE Fourth Volume of this well known and highly approved Juvenile paper commences the first week in January, 1841, edited by N. SOUTHARD. It is published at New-York and Boston, and sent, *free of postage* to any town in New-Hampshire in *which there are 20 paying subscribers.* It is made up of choice Naratives original and select, pleasing Moral and Religious, Literary and Scientific Instruction, a variety of Useful Information, Juvenile Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. all designed to promote the best good of the young. It inculcates impartial Benevolence, Temperance, and all other Christian Virtues.

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"My little girl is delighted with the Cabinet. She can scarcely wait for the week to come round; and when the little welcome messenger arrives, her work or play is laid aside, to have a feast, as she calls it with the welcome guest. She is willing to make any sacrifice rather than give up her paper."

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E. G. CHASE, Low's Block, CONCORD,
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Concord, October, 1840.

☞Persons who subscribe any time between now and the first of January next, can have the Cabinet until the close of the year 1841 for *one dollar.*

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For the benefit of all concerned, there will be no deviation from the above prices. Persons from a distance can then as well *send* for books as come themselves. Should any book or books be ordered which are not on hand, they will be procured, if possible, without delay. The Depository is the property of the State Society, and all the avails will go to replenish its treasury.

Orders may be directed (postage paid) to Parker Pillsbury, General Agent of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.

Concord, June 27th, 1840.

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Concord, February 8, 1840.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS

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Sept. 17, 1840.

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GEORGE BKACKETT has taken an room in the basement of Low's Brick Block, where he will be happy to color garments intrusted to his care, in the best manner and in a style which cannot fail to suit the public. Concord, Oct. 6